

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Consecrated Minister.

I understand a consecrated minister to be one devoted to his calling, one who makes the preaching of the gospel, especially his life-work, and who will make personal sacrifice, and undergo self-denial for the accomplishment of his purpose. But, suppose it is inexpedient for him to preach only from one to three sermons a week. Must he sit down in idleness, or act the "gentleman of leisure," while he lives a shirled, dwelling life on account of a meager support? Is not one who pulls off his coat and goes to the schoolroom to help with the school room or to any other useful business—is he not as thoroughly consecrated as the other? Those with little clarity in their compositions, might suspicion that there are some ministers who are more consecrated to their salaries than to anything else. I have seen preachers who preached once or twice a week, and, perhaps studied an hour or two a day, and spent the balance of the time lounging around town, *to help those who help themselves*. There is an old adage that "God helps those who help themselves," and it sometimes happens that God's churches act on the same principle. I like the gift of Bro. Scarborough who said "I have the pastoral care of three churches and eighteen acres of ground." This has the ring of the true metal, and shows how little one of the most consecrated preachers in the State, and I have no fears for his success. The arguments heretofore have all been on one side of this question, and the churches have had their disengagement held up to the world, until I think that a few "cleans" were extracted and laid aside during all this "smoke" gathering. As a rule, church-members are poor folks, in this country especially, and while it is true that a united effort of membership, almost all of our churches could do better than they do still it is evident whether they do or not, that some would require or not. The ministers must do their duty, set an example of self-denial, and the churches will more likely rally to their support. If they are consecrated to their work, let them labor to make that work effective. There is demand all over the country for skilled teachers in the public as well as private schools. A wide field for usefulness is open to our educated preachers in this channel, and more of them should avail themselves of it. A man can teach a school and preach too, and be a better preacher at the same time, than the one who goes *to work* through the world on a half support, else under a load of debt. I guess that nine-tenths of the preachers who read this, will object, and say that there is no other business compatible with the duties of a consecrated minister. So let us look around for examples. Where will we find better posted preachers, or better pastors, than brethren Sellers, Gordon, Lowry, Webb, etc., teachers? Or Bro. Howlett, who represents a farm and a mill? or a large number who are making engagements at other useful callings to assist in their support. By the way, I know some editors of papers who are still very acceptable preachers. Give us more of such men, so fully consecrated that life Paul they are willing to be found laboring and working with their own hands, rather than that the gospel should be hindered. Next to piety and good sense, a preacher needs energy. This will not only insure his success in the pulpit, but will also insure a temporal support—if not from the churches, from somewhere else. There are a few pastores that will afford a minister a support, but it should be observed at the same time that such churches always afford him ample employment too, in looking after and caring for the flock. Of these I make no complaint, but would that their number was multiplied by hundreds. I only complain at those who will not because they preach; else will not preach because they work. It is the duty of preachers, as well as all other men, to see that their families have a decent support. If the churches they serve do not give it to them, they should *trust in God, and go to work*. It is the heart that should be consecrated to the ministry—not especially the body. After at least forty years of observation, I conclude that some of the most consecrated men that I have ever known, were those who managed a farm, taught school, or did other things which kept them out of debt, and enabled them to live independent. For when the churches failed to supply their wants, they have had something to fall back to.

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

M. T. MARTIN, Proprietor.

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and thus they have kept steadily forward in their work as gospel ministers. And the blessings of God have seemed to rest upon the labors of such men, more than upon those who were too consecrated to follow Paul's example of working with his own hands. My position is simply this: every preacher should be, in heart, consecrated to his work. He should preach, but if the churches fail, from inability or otherwise, to furnish him a competent support, and his preaching does not employ his whole time, then he should make his unemployed time available in some way to assist in his temporal support. To be a consecrated preacher does not necessarily mean that a man must abstain from all other employments. Under the existing financial embarrassment of the country, our churches, as a rule, cannot give their pastors a full support, and so reckoning it vain to expect it. The burdens must be divided; sacrifices must be made on both sides, and self-denial become mutual. Let all try to avoid extremes and to keep things on a just and equal balance. Let preachers and church-members too, be more consecrated to their respective duties, that耕耘 may cease, suffering be avoided, and the gospel be not hindered.

J. M. MARTIN.

The Redeemer.

The subject of the redemption is the grand theme that ever claimed the attention of man. That God spared not the angels that sinned, but reserved them in chains of darkness forever, and yet devised a plan by which fallen man could be just with God—a mystery past our comprehension. How severe, then, must be the punishment of those who neglect so great salvation!

Were an earthly prince to leave his father's court, and go out among his father's subjects, and spend his life in laboring for their good, he would surely be entitled to the admiration of every one, and his name would be enrolled on this list of fame as one of the greatest philanthropists the world over. But that Christ, the Prince of Heaven, should leave His Father's glittering Court on high, and all the angels, and come to earth, deluged as it is with crime and blood, and take up His abode with men of polluted hearts, men who had rebelled against Him; that He should, for thirty-three long years, bear, uncomplaining, the weaknesses and prejudices of that people; that He should exchange a life of unalloyed felicity, for one of poverty, suffering, temptation and pain; and at last, suffer death, a cruel death, for a nation that had brought its own punishment upon it, is a mystery which the cycles of eternity will doubtless fail to solve. It is a mystery that the angel desires to look into. The ark of the covenant was represented with a golden cherub on each end of the mercy-seat, which surmounted the ark, facing inward, and bending down over the ark, as if longing, with the most eager desire, to gaze into the mysteries of Providence.

It was the love of Christ that caused Him to endure all these things. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." But His "love passed knowledge," and its breadth, its length, its depth, and its height cannot fully be comprehended in this, and in reflecting on the subject, we can very appropriately adopt the language of the poet, "In lost in wonder, love and praise."

Christ's mission to earth was indeed one of mercy and benevolence. He traveled foot-sore and weary, perhaps, over the land of Palestine, teaching in the synagogues, by the sea-side, on the mountain-top, anywhere the people would assemble to hear Him and everywheres healing the sick, raising the dead, giving sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf. He ever went about doing good. Early in life He began to be about His Father's business, and during all His subsequent career, He ever manifested His working, self-denying spirit. He was, indeed, the greatest philanthropist the world ever saw.

With the utmost patience, he endured hunger, thirst, the weakness of His own disciples, and the mockings of wicked men. So spotless was His character, that it commanded even the respect of Rousseau, an avowed infidel. Speaking of Christ, he says, "What sweetness! What purity in His manners! What an affecting gracefulness in His instructions! What sublimity in His maxims! What profound wisdom in His discourses! What presence of mind, what sagacity and propriety in His answers! How great the command over His passions! Where is the man, who that philosopher, who could so live, suffer and die, without weakness and without ostentation?"

He was indeed a perfect man. He was God manifest in the flesh.

But how is He rewarded for the sacrifices He has made, and the blessings He has conferred? In imagination, go view the strange and mighty throng in Pilate's hall. Hear their blasphemous words against the meek and lowly Jesus. See Him as He slowly ascends Calvary's height, with the heavy cross upon His shoulders, and the cruel thorns piercing His tender brow. Behold Him as the Roman soldiers nail Him to that cross, and then, while the sins of the whole are heaped upon Him, see their cruel mockings, hear their insulting words.

No, you say, the world is not

so bad, and refused to witness the awful scene. No wonder nature sympathized with her suffering Creator. I imagine the angels looked down in pity and astonishment upon the momentous transaction. It certainly was the most wonderful transaction that man must abstain from all other employments. Under the existing financial embarrassment of the country, our churches, as a rule, cannot give their pastors a full support, and so reckoning it vain to expect it. The burdens must be divided; sacrifices must be made on both sides, and self-denial become mutual. Let all try to avoid extremes and to keep things on a just and equal balance. Let preachers and church-members too, be more consecrated to their respective duties, that耕耘 may cease, suffering be avoided, and the gospel be not hindered.

GEORGIA A. DIES.

May 22, 1878.

Agencies—First Objection.

CRAWFORDVILLE, MISS.

I object to agencies because they materially interfere with the work of pastors, deacons and members."

The respective duties of these three are clearly defined and well understood. There is something so beautiful and attractive in the simple pieces of machinery—a church of Christ. The Elder feeds the flock, and leads them out into active labor for Jesus; the deacons attend to the financial matters, and the membership, instant in season and out of season in every good word and work, worship God in giving *stately* and *regularly* of their substance to the Lord, to be used in the advancement of His cause, in every way the judgment of the whole should indicate. Thus, working, each in his respective sphere, yet, in the most perfect co-operation, the highest point of efficiency is reached in church efficiency.

Finally, the body of Christ was taken down from the cross, and laid in a rock-hewn tomb, and a great stone rolled to the mouth of the tomb. How sad now were the hearts of His beloved followers!

They "trusted that it would be He who should redeem Israel!" But now He is dead and buried, and their hopes seemed buried with Him, for though He had told them that He would rise again, it seemed that they could not believe it, and even though after His resurrection some of the women told them that He was risen again, their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.

And perhaps, too, as Christ lay sleeping in the just looked from Heaven with the most anxious solicitude, for

the most of the women told them that He was risen again,

their desire to look into the

ark of the covenant was represented with a golden cherub on each end of the mercy-seat, which surmounted the ark, facing inward, and bending down over the ark, as if longing, with the most eager desire, to gaze into the mysteries of Providence.

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W. E. TYNS.

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CLINTON, MISS.,

FAMILY CIRCLE.

RESIGNATION.

do not ask the Lord that life may be a pleasant road; but to ask that Thou wouldst take from me.

Aught of its load,

so that it should always ring.

Beothdum free,

now to walk the prison and the ring

one thing too sweet,

one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead.

Lead me right,

honest strength should falter and though

heart should bleed;

Through peace to light,

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst

Full guidance here,

Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread

the path of duty, follow Thee;

My way to see,

Beothdum darkness, lead Thy hand;

Joy is like a red fire, but peace Divine,

Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall

shine.

Through peace to light.

Sistered.

Ned's Theft.

Ned had caught the postage stampmania, and it was going bad with him. Tom Wadsworth had it, and so had George Towne and half a dozen other boys in their classes, and they were putting all their extra energy into the work of collecting stamps. Ned thought he could be perfectly safe in giving that they devoted about three times as much energy to their stamps as they did to their books. I know Ned would be glad to give half of his collection if he could find a buyer who would come into their hands at all hours of the day and help to make their collection a good deal worse than usual, and keep their brains busy over schemes by which it might be obtained before any one else had a chance to secure it.

So far, the chief rivalry lay between Ned and his friends Tom and George, and their collections were about alike. Tom had the largest number, and George and Ned had the rarest specimens, and they had the satisfaction of knowing that Tom would be glad to give half a dozen of his five or six finds to them. But neither boy stamp-collector had any of them, and Tom knew it too well to make any offer for them.

One day George Towne came to school with a face beaming with conscious triumph. Tom and Ned felt sure from the way he looked at them when he came in, that his high spirit had some connection with stamps, and began to feel uneasy at once. What he had, by some remarkable good luck, taken a short cut across lots, and come a long distance ahead? Tom and Ned had despondent to think of it. They felt something as their fathers probably did when some one got a corner seat at some other affair than they were heading in. To those boys "mutations" in the stamp market were of quite as much interest as mutations in the wheat and other markets were to their fathers.

The morning George got a chance to convey the information to them, he let them know that a cousin of his in New York had sent him seven stamps, and all choice ones; something had got to get, and the fact that he had got them placed him in a very important position in the stamp world, as it was represented in Pepperville.

Tom and Ned felt that their rival had left them a long way behind by this sudden acquisition of wealth. They would never feel satisfied until they had got up with him, and the fact that he had got them placed him in a very important position in the stamp world, as it was represented in Pepperville.

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One evening Ned's grandmother asked him to bring him something from the case of drawers where he kept his things, and in getting it Ned made a discovery which fairly took his breath away with its magnitude. In that drawer were 200 stamps, and every one of the rarest kind. One from China, one from Borneo, one from Egypt, and the others equally as hard to get by any Peytonian boy. Why? one of them was almost equal to George Towne's seven, and the possession of it would place him in a respectable position again.

He shut up the drawer, and went away with his brain full of very busy thoughts. What did his grandfather want of them? Why couldn't he take one— that stamp from Borneo—and thus place himself one bound on a level with George? The probabilities were that his grandfather would never know it. Such another chance he should never get. I think the possession of that stamp seemed more desirable to him than the possession of the Kohinoor diamond would have been.

He thought about it all night. He could not sleep for thinking of it, and I don't know why he didn't think of proposing to buy it of his grandfather, but I think such an idea did not once suggest itself to him.

Ned knew just as well as you and I, that it was wicked to steal, and he new that taking that stamp in the way he did take it was stealing. But he took it! He crept into the room where it was, as slyly as any burglar could have done, and all the time he was about it, his face lit with shame. He pulled out the drawer, and selected the stamp, and then hastily shut the drawer up, and ran out of the room full of guilty fear. He was a thief, and I think a thief is always afraid of detection! But no one had seen him, and he breathed freer when he was outside the gate, with the stamp hidden safely in his pocket.

He couldn't get rid of a very disagreeable feeling of self-condemnation as he walked up to school, and he had done a dishonest thing, and he had lost his own self-respect, and it is a bad thing for a man to lose that, and a worse thing for a boy, for the child is father of the man; and if we begin to lose our respect for ourselves when we are children, unless

Forgiveness.

From the Sunday-School Scholar.]

something happens to prevent our going on in that way, when we are grown up there is nothing left about us worth respecting.

"But grandfather couldn't care much for it, anyway," he said, in a vain attempt to set his conscience at rest. "And he won't miss it."

Just as if that made the fact of his having stolen it any the less disgraceful! We got up such ridiculous arguments in trying to persuade ourselves that wrong is right, and we never succeed.

It made him forget his qualms of conscience somewhat when he exhibited the stamp to Tom and George, and saw how they envied its possession of it. But after the consciousness of triumph over his rivals had worn off a little, he began to think of how he had resorted to dishonesty, and before long he wished the stamp back in his grandfather's drawer, or in Borneo, where it came from— anywhere except in his pocket.

Every time he showed it to the boys, and of course all them had to see it, it seemed to have "Thief!" written across it, and Ned felt that he must look guilty. He was tempted very much to tell a lie to conceal his theft, when the boys asked him where he got it. But he determined not to commit himself, so kept up dignified and mysterious silence regarding it when questioned on the subject which excited the curiosity of the boys wonderfully.

When Ned went home from school that night he felt miserable over the affair that he resolved to put the stamp back. But his grandfather had gone away on a visit, and had locked the drawer from which Ned had taken the stamp. So he was arrested in his attempt to make good his theft by restoring it. He began to think that after a person had become a thief he must stay a thief. The thought wasn't a comfortable one. He dreamed about breaking into a bank and finding great sheets of stamps, and getting caught at the burglary, and being sentenced to State prison for life. He woke up in a shiver of terror and wished he had never got the stamp fever. He lay awake and thought of what his father and mother would say if they knew what he had done, and the more he thought of it the more uncomfortable he got. He had heard his father talking about things not long before, and now he was one and all that his father had said about the world would apply to him. Then he tried to wash himself and excuse his wrong deed by telling himself that it was only a stamp and didn't amount to enough to raise his theft to the dignity of a crime. But he couldn't make it out to be anything but a theft, argue as he might, for it was a great theft and a little one differed only in degree.

His grandfather did not come back next day, consequently he had no chance of putting back the stamp which had become the one thing he thought of. It kept him from getting his lessons, and it took away his relish for school. He had ceased to enjoy the feelings which the possessors of that stamp had invested him with. He only wanted to do with it now, and that was to get rid of it.

"But ma, how can I make forgive- ness when it won't come itself into my heart?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "but would rather you would ask for me first; please do—won't you, ma?"

So the mother sought the grace of forgiveness for the little girl who then prayed for herself, and to her surprise added "the Lord's Prayer." And she whispered, as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, for I felt forgiveness coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give her the orange over again."

"Why, ma, what could be greater? Dolly's face is spoiled."

"It could be greater, when they will whitened them, and as certainly as they are put a great black spot upon your character by slander. It is done to some body every day, and you may not escape; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to, how will he be able to do better toward one against yourself?"

"But ma, how can I make forgive- ness when it won't come itself into my heart?"

"You can pray to Christ to send it, I can't tell you?"

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The Queen and Her Musicians.

A correspondent writes: On one occasion her Majesty had invited distinguished guests to dine at Windsor Castle. It was, therefore, necessary that the Court band should present itself to perform special services of music. The pieces chosen were difficult, the time for practice limited, and the leader declaring that he could not afford to loose a day, summoned the men to meet for rehearsal on the Sunday. There were two Germans in the band named Shrader and Gehrmann, who were Wesleyan Methodists, and whose consciences would not allow them to spend the Lord's day in a musical rehearsal. They told their seniors that the leader, who, however, per-sonally desired that they should be present with it now, and that was to get rid of it.

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He got up and dressed himself. When he went into the hall his grandfather opened his door and called out—

"Good morning, Mr. Twelve year-old. How do you seem to be growing older?"

"Why, this is my birthday, isn't it?" cried Ned. "I had forgotten all about it."

"Of course it is," answered his grandfather. "Come in, I've got something for you that I think you'll be glad to get. I've been keeping it on purpose to give you to-day. I got it when I was in the city two weeks ago. It's a choice little collection of stamps. Ten of 'em, and every one rare. I know you would prize the lot more than you would a dozen books, and I had a chance to get a boy who had duplicates, and so I closed a bargain with him."

Poor Ned! His face was as red as fire, and he felt more ashamed than he had ever done in his life before. He had stolen what had been intended for him all along.

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it is a sly boy.

He fixed an eye on us while the other went out of the window (poor girl) and she said in a faltering voice that she did. So we accepted one verse at so much. It is a very pathetic little picture of rural felicity, but it certainly reminds us of something we have seen before somewhere.

—N. Y. Graphic.

The first of the peach crop of the season was shipped from Crystal Springs to Chicago on the 23d inst. The value of the crop in that vicinity is estimated at \$50,000.

The dying sinner, glancing over a life of misdeeds and carelessness, has one consolation—his administrators will make all right on his tombstone.

Hon. Alex. Stephens has signified his intention of seeking a re-election to Congress.

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